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THE EGOTISTICAL  
ACCOUNT *of an*  
ENJOYABLE WAR



To the  
Operations Officer  
"Headquarters"  
of the  
"Left"  
column  
with compliments  
of  
an Antislavery  
author.









TRADITION

THE  
EGOTISTICAL  
ACCOUNT *of an*  
ENJOYABLE WAR

*"I never had a more pleasant day in my life."*

MAJOR BLACKADDER AT THE  
BATTLE OF MALPLAQUET

CHURCHILL'S MARLBORO

VOL. 6 PAGE 163

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FEB 3 1976

### DEDICATION

One would be honored were he permitted to  
dedicate this small contribution to a boyish officer  
—greatly admired;

CAPTAIN JOSEPH CARLETON DAVIS, D.S.C.

“BRAVE AND GAY”

## PREFACE

We cannot tell the story unless it be at the expense of suitable modesty. We have spared no expense.

Before destroying this officer's war letters the "Egotistical Account" was compiled from them. In many cases the letters are quoted.

The "Delightful War" was put together for a chosen few who knew some of its characters in the golden days of 1918 when the whole delicious world was their oyster.

"THE GENERAL"

"Pommel Pocket"  
April, 1951.

## CHAPTER I

### STABLES AT SEA

**D**ECK BELOW DECK long rows of horses swayed back and forth, back and forth with the roll of the ship. Having been "hayed down" with "No. 1 Timothy" there were all the comfortable smells of the picket line as their transport headed out into the North Atlantic in the war-time darkness of December, 1917.

The convoy of 27 ships left home shores to buck winter storms. On the second day 15 ships and a man-of-war remained, the third day there were three and then the fourth day, oh, blessed relief! the good American ship "Kentuckian" of the Hawaiian American Line was all "alone at last".

As one of the fortunes of war she was overloaded and down by the head. Green water eased gracefully over the bow and broke four by fours and plank deck stalls in the same effortless manner that horses legs were broken. Injured and suffering animals were shot before breakfast. Traveling sluggishly toward France we logged some days 150 miles, one day 3 miles, and one day lost distance. Seasick soldiers devotedly watered and fed their 800 artillery horses and down near the keel a lanky Brown undergraduate, Corporal "Ike" Chaplin, maintained U.S. Army discipline among mule skinnners and thus among 18 mules by one straight left to the jaw.

As one of the fortunes of war the ship's plates became sprung, water leaked in, horse manure washed down open hatches to block the pumps and our cargo of railroad iron blocked all chance of clearing pump intakes.

Still we voyaged on and during the fourth week at sea an Iowa draft horse, Mr. Gelding of 1917 going "beyond the seas", with all the vigor of the morning, leapt gaily from his pen on the upper deck catching his nigh hind hoof in a donkey engine *en passant*, paused a moment with a glance at high heaven and then settled backward and sideways, all the horse swaying with the roll of the ship, except for a leg strained to the breaking point and the captive hoof. With the captain of the ship and the stable gang on the tackle he was lifted to his feet. Another tackle pulled out his hoof. He was swung gently back into his pen and in ten minutes was quietly eating hay—a sound artillery mount enroute to the Western Front!

There was, as is usual at sea, a Scotch chief engineer. This one remarked repeatedly that he "used to have a beautiful engine room but they had made it into a damn livery stable". During one of the later weeks at sea the "Chief" summoned a conference in the saloon and we considered tank and condenser figures for an hour and put the animals on half rations of water for the remainder of the cruise. Just then we took a railroad iron roll and a sea easing along the port side burst in the door and crossed the little saloon to endorse the decision.

During the final one of our weeks at sea we arrived in the submarine zone off Belle Isle where the wrecks of American ships bleached on the shores. At this point while zigzagging in on a dark night and perhaps because she felt more than loaded, the oil burning old lady shot a flame to heaven that lighted ship and sea for miles. The first officer burst in on our concert and said that all was lost. However, we arrived in the "Basin" of St. Nazaire and, on January 15, 1918, one month after departure, 800 horses and mules went "over the brow" in good condition, tails in the air, and hoofs on the pavements of France.



## CHAPTER II

### CAMP DE COETQUIDAN

**H**ERE IN THE ROLLING COUNTRY of Brittany were the training center and firing ranges of Napoleon's artillery. Here this horse transport officer became an artilleryman again and was assigned to command the First Battalion, 103rd Field Artillery. This outfit had one claim to glory. It was formed from the famous "Border Battery". A year before, the War Department had rated the "Border Battery" the highest of all National Guard Field Artillery—and that by thousands of points. It was also the only battery in the Army at war strength when the country went to war. The attitude of the members of this cocky command was to congratulate the War Department upon its unusual perspicacity. Basking in this Field Artillery fame the Battalion had been chosen and assigned to the "Rainbow Division". By the fortunes of war it had been snatched away and shipped to Europe with the "Yankee Division".

After the wild drive and iron discipline and vaulting ambitions of Texas days, they were all curiously cordial to a returning officer. Perhaps they had met something worse. Perhaps one very old soldier expressed everything when he said, "Major, I hope you get this bastard for what he's done to the boys".

The first road march came on a sunny morning of the French winter. The marching Battalion drew out beyond the horse lines, parcs and barracks in an unending column of eight horse hitches and artillery carriages with all the valor and confidence of veterans of New England roads and pastures, the dobie dust and Spanish bayonet of the Rio Grande, and the stone routes and hard cider of Brittany. This was the "Greatest Battalion in the World" and they knew it.

For many days we occupied positions firing service charges at distant stone villages. "It was a landscape of gorse and heather and ragged ferns". Then came a battalion reconnaissance of the ruined chateau "Bois de Loup" and the farm and the grass fields for an overnight camp. There was a sunken road, a shrine at the crossroads, and a red fox slipping through the ruined farmyard.

But the overnight camp was never occupied. All was cut short by brigade maneuvers and firing and inspections and orders to the front. The Colonel left and turned over a war-strength regiment and its problems to the senior major.

After three years as a battery captain he is suddenly IN COMMAND. With all the assurance and enthusiasm in the world HE IS IN COMMAND and there can be no doubt about it.

Full pack inspection comes every day followed by entraining practice and at night officers meet in a clearing house. "I know where there's 200 feet of rope for the guy who can find me a pick and shovel!" Equipment is completed, and supplies secured, and then for two days at the long military ramps in the little town of Guer, unit after unit loads and the Regiment on many trains is moving north in early February.



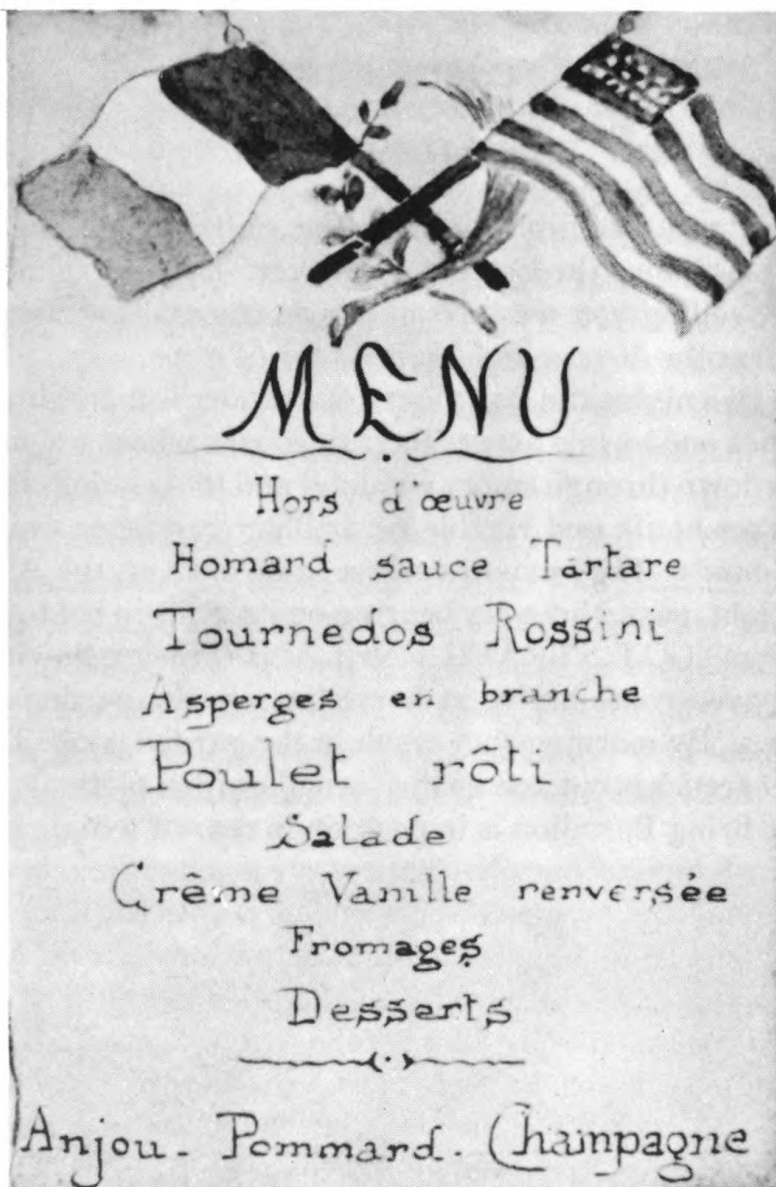
### CHAPTER III

#### BANC DE PIERRE

**O**N THE SECOND NIGHT in the railroad buildings at Soissons the Colonel takes over. Looking up at the ceiling you see stars and open sky and for the first time hear the distant and muffled roar of guns.

For two nights the Battalion Commander is marching his batteries one by one across the ruined city where the moon shines down through empty windows and the echoing clatter of horses hoofs and rumble of artillery carriages are the only sounds. They move across a famous river, the Aisne, turn right, pass a brewery bearing on its walls in bold white lettering "GOT STRÄFE ENGLAND" and following a long paved route arrive at horse lines in the garden of a chateau. By morning they wash in the garden pool. Their shelter trenches cut across the formal garden plots.

The firing Battalion is in position in rear of a high, steep hill. In front is Coucy le Chateau. It is a sunny February afternoon and we register on a village across the line. The Battalion Commander is at the observation post on Mont des Tombes. Suddenly the French batteries begin to roar out "At command of the Chief of the Armies". He is just outside our observation post and calls on us for fire. Fog closes in. Results cannot be observed. He calls for the American Major who comes up out of the dugout, helmet slipping down over his face. We shove up the helmet and salute, back very straight. He asks if we are getting all supplies we need and wishes us every success. He gives the Major two



SIMPLE LUNCHEON BY OFFICERS OF A FRENCH BATTERY  
AT MONT DES TOMBES



fingers for a handshake and he and his staff depart. It is Henri Phillippe Benoni Omer Joseph Pétain, Marshal of France and Commander in Chief of the French Armies, tall, erect, most soldierly and most austere. The French battery commander says "Oo la la!—Pétain! !"

The aging French operator of an army telephone central finds himself conversing with our youthful Larkin or McCormick and meeting for the first time American undergraduate French. With all the politeness of the old school he strolls down to their switchboard and calls. It is an *entente cordial*! Each night as our ally goes off duty he says "Bon Soir, M'sieur", and there is an almost reverential reply of "Bon Soir, Old Top".

A group of beautiful air boys call and arrange a reglage. They are to fly back and forth over enemy lines and direct our fire on enemy targets. The plans had about them the elements of daredevil. Lt. Hartwell, air observer from our Regiment, remarked as all left amid a great burst of enthusiasm and hand-shaking "General, please say good-bye to my mother".

It is late in the night on February 19th. The battalion adjutant is speaking rapidly in French on the 'phone. An order comes from the French headquarters to fire fifty rounds on machine gun installations and trench intersections at "Fox Salient".

### *"OUI! OUI! ET VITEMENT"*

Eight howitzers put the 90-pound projectiles over into the target. And, "seated at a plank table, surrounded by maps, telephones, switchboards, operations officers and orderlies, I am fighting my first battle".

And now with a French Division of Infantry calling urgently for help, in the deep darkness of night—here is the supreme test! Does it mean anything? Does it mean any-

thing that every one of these battalion officers with his haste and cool precision has been training for years in all the intricate technicalities of the preparation and conduct of artillery fire? Does it mean anything that the backbone of those gun crews working at top speed down there in the valley comprises some of the best gunners that our country has produced? Does fire discipline mean anything? Oh, this is glorious! This is what we worked for! This is the "crowded hour"!

The French call and ask how many rounds fired. Answer "Just completed 50". Reply "Bon! Fire 50 more" and later command "Cease Fire". All is very quiet.

Two days later comes a message from the Commanding General of the 22nd Division Infantry, 5th French Army, addressed to "The American Group P. C. Providence" expressing his satisfaction for its "efficacious intervention in the affair of the 19". The French Lieut. Colonel under whom we serve graciously adds his congratulations, and down in the Davis Battery some enthusiasts are wearing shelter tent cords as the fourragere of "their citation".

One grim morning after hours of night firing our Artillery Brigadier arrived with the Inspector General—everyone all hung about with trench coats, two kinds of gas masks, and nice new helmets. It was a "*Di'es Irae*"! Sights were set wrong. Lieut. Davis sent for his battle map, stumbled into a mud puddle, map and all, and the Brigadier made the mistake of helping the ageing inspector up the hill.

And, one sunny afternoon in early Spring, the Major General arrived. And the dappled sunlight shone through the camouflage on the raked gun emplacements. And the crews stood about their guns in stained and worn uniforms. The French Sergeant who served with them told his Lieutenant — "*Trés bon personnel*". They were hard, husky, clean, erect, soldierly, and—oh, so capable!

VII<sup>e</sup> Armée

11<sup>e</sup> C.A

ALC. 22

20 février 1918.

—  
Note pour le  
Groupe américain P.L. Providence

—  
Le Chef d'Esc. ALC. 22 est heureux  
de transmettre au groupe américain  
Providence le témoignage de  
satisfaction du Général C. la 22<sup>e</sup> DI  
pour son intervention efficace  
dans l'affaire du 29 février 1918.

Le Chef d'Esc. ALC 22

Abeling

Le Lt Colonel Gille Ch. P. AD 22 joins  
ses félicitations à celle du Ch. P. ALC 22  
le 20 février 1918



The Division Commander talked with them of home and they liked it, and some shifted about as he walked so as not to disclose a tattered behind. For it was a reception and the great man most gracious. They answered him that they were well fed, that they worked hard and that they were confident of their ability to do their part. Their pride of battery stood out in every answer and when he asked one of Hanley's tough sergeants if it was a good Battery, his eyes just filled and he said "The very best Battery in the United States Army, Sir!"

He talked with college men, old battery men, border battery men, and once the old politician said, "So these batteries are one-third Chaffee, are they?" and congratulated the Major and invited him to lunch.

From a letter apparently written while still basking in the glory of that afternoon—

"I'd rather command this Battalion than be Secretary of War!" (Perfectly safe!)

On the eve of departure our French Colonel and staff gave a dinner and ordered the Major and his orienting officer to attend. They sang their regimental song done into wild English, an order from the French Corps Commander was presented, we were gay with champagne as the menu is gay, and the telephone rang continuously and all were on edge at this Duchess of Richmond's Ball. Within a few days the "G.B.O.—Great Boche Offensive" swept them off the Chemin des Dames and far south of the Aisne into the Isle de France. Amid these pleasant scenes, a French soldier came in patting very tenderly a sand bag containing a bird. There was silence while the adjutant opened the little metal case and unfolded the message, then a roar of relief when he read "Message d' Exercise".

All accompanied us to their headquarters car, insisted that our humble side-car be left behind, planned a shoot for





CAPTAIN DAVIS AND FRIEND ATTENDING LUNCHEON  
AT MONT DES TOMBES

A.D. 151.

16 MARS 1918.

WE HAVE AMERICANS AT DINNER

## MENU

POTAGE AMERICAIN.

LARDIN SAUTE CHASSEUR.

CHOUX FLEURS.

FOIE GRAS TRUFFE.

SALADE DE SAISON.

FROMAGE.

SOUFLET AU RIZ

FRUITS

DESSERTS.



DINNER WITH OUR ARTILLERY COMMANDER

next day and said goodnight with many charming remarks and wishes of "*bonne chance*".

Later, after two days of steady firing, one evening when the shadows lengthened in our valley, the gun horses came up and we evacuated and night marched to horse lines and night marched to entrain. Enemy planes passing over to bomb Paris honored us and did not neglect the artillery column. But we had become seasoned if not veteran troops and the Major crossed the ruined City of Soisson, this time, in all the dignity of his official side-car with Deming's mandolin strapped across the front and six bottles of champagne under the seat.

## CHAPTER IV

### EAU DE VIE DE PRUIN

**A**NIGHT AND DAY in a cold troop train with broken windows, trying to resume circulation in clammy boots and to learn songs from Saumur — “Wild and woolly and full of fleas” as well as Kipling’s “And the things we hold most distant and most dear”, then detrain, harness and hitch, march five kilometers in darkness and pouring rain, unhitch, unharness, tie to wheel and billet officers and men in the hay amid the rustling rats of drafty barns. Next ahead by side-car in mud and sunshine and lunch in an inn at Brienne le Château with the great Napoleon fighting off the allies on the wall, and you learn that his last stand after Moscow took place in the fields outside.

The command arrives in a village of scrubbed doorsteps, and beds, and clean sheets, and duck ponds and a cafe and the local paper welcomes “our glorious allies” with an editorial. There are two days of cleaning horses, harness and men, sleeping on the grass in the sun and gossiping with a most polite and pleasant population.

In the background, the very distant background, you could barely hear the heavy firing on the western front.

“Some for the Glories of This World; and some  
Sigh for the Prophets Paradise to come  
Ah take the Cash and let the Credit go  
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum”

Each lieutenant became a ward boss. All lived high on chickens, eggs, and milk. One section cleaned an Augean stable and bedded down the old cow. Its old lady owner insisted on their having the milk. They armed themselves with dung forks, appointed the old lady chief of section and after a preliminary drill in manual of arms, permitted themselves to be marched off by her to a great manure pile in a field, had a race at spreading it and delighted her soul with a sky full of flying fertilizer. That night she called them in and solemnly tried to pay them, and not succeeding cooked them a great dinner.

It is now the end of March and the entire Regiment is on the road in a grand troop movement, marching eastward through beautiful rolling country. Easter Sunday we parked on both sides of a little village with a stream flowing through and the V.P. station flag hung out and men attending mass at the ancient church.

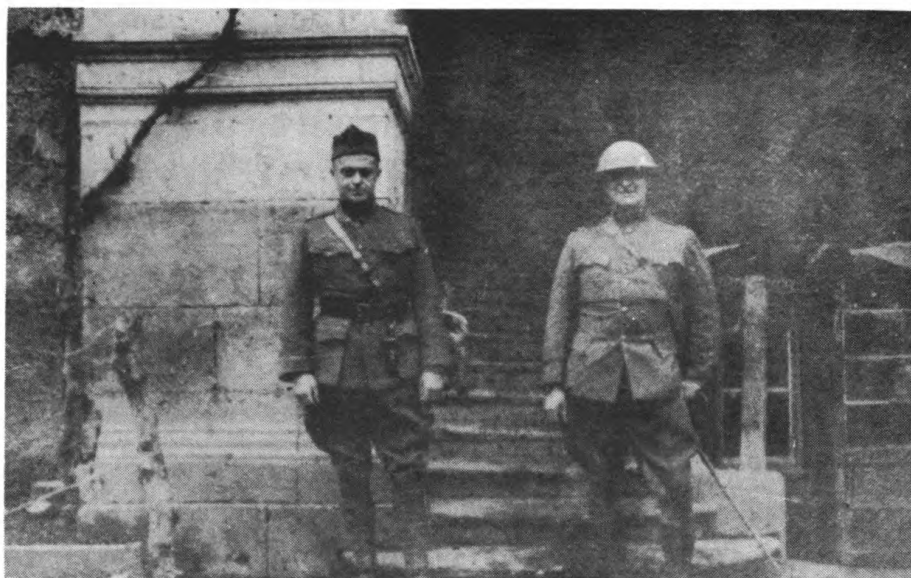
Monday, March 28th, we were on the road in bright sunlight climbing up the hills among ploughed fields and looking backward from the head of the Battalion it was half a mile to where the last carriage was clearing the grey walls of our village. As we left, the capacious and motherly inn-keeper brought out a large chair and sat herself down with a voluminous handkerchief and, being all prepared, saluted each section with tears and smiles as it pulled out and waved her good-bye.

After a long march the Battalion drove down a hill, across a roaring stream, and in the late afternoon parked carriage after carriage in a great artillery line and pitched shelter half camp to parallel as provided in Field Service Regulations. All this was on an extensive level grass field in front of a chateau. The Regimental Adjutant arrived and said it was contrary to orders. We should be in the sheep barns. The Regimental Surgeon arrived and said it was just

the thing to do. He was sent to see the Colonel. The Colonel arrived in his car. He sniffed twice and said, "Well, Chaffee, I suppose now you've got 'em just where you want 'em".

The war returned to these ideal conditions with a jolt. The Great Boche Offensive was on. At 3:45 the next morning we were breaking ice in buckets, making rolls with frozen and stiffened shelter halves, Sgt. Weeden folded his white sheets and the column was off over the hills on a cold, windy day. That night we were billeted in two ancient stone villages separated by a river and they watered their horses at the upper Marne.

There is a chateau above these headwaters and from its high windows you can hear the stream among the rocks below. An ancient housekeeper prepared meat courses and game courses and salad from the fields and patisserie and gathered wine. And the captains came in to dine from "*Sept jusqu' à dix heures*". And the old lady brought in her husband and drank their health and worried about their colds and the mist from the Marne was sure death and their win-



BATTERY COMMANDERS OF THE "WORLD'S GREATEST BATTALION"

dows must be closed at night and she gave them *eau de vie de pruin* with their *café*. And on leaving, the gallant Hanley presented her with a soft and woolly shawl and she nearly kissed him. Such were the Yankees and Northern French in March of 1918!

Another day's march and we are refitting in a town where officers' mounts have arrived from Newport News and where our heavy baggage is stored, and we are primed on "open warfare" and the uniformed old Frenchman with the drum announces the price of eggs, and an old Frenchwoman is walking down the street crying "*café américain, café américain*", over an apron full which someone has traded or donated and the beautifully polished living room opens into the cow stable.

All day troop trains move to the front and Red Cross trains slip quietly back to the rear.



## CHAPTER V

### BEAUMONT RIDGE

**B**ATTALION COMMANDERS accompanied the Colonel to the front of the First Division. We go to take over. We all travel in the Regimental Dodge with a large can of extra gasoline. We dine with the great Summerall. In the evening our Colonel confers with the other Colonel. "What is the meanest, dirtiest, most desperate assignment," says our man. "That is, by all odds," says the other very quietly. "That goes to the First Battalion" says our man very quietly. War creates some strange and coveted commendations. There were those so warped by ideals of combat service as to consider this mean little assignment a proud honor in the muddy days of early April 1918.

We take over from a major formerly of the Coast Artillery. Each of his batteries has a forward and a rear position. The Coast Artillery, like the Navy, must have its horse to ride. "Where is my horse?" said Hornblower. The forenoons in this sector were usually quiet. And so, after the enemy had opened fire in the afternoon, this Coast Artilleryman chose to order up the horses and we proceeded to inspect. Up we go around "Dead Man's Bend" *à cheval*. On Beaumont Ridge my friend is advised by a brother officer that we have no business there on horses. At "Jones 1" being on the crest we seem to draw a reluctant sort of shell fire. One of his lieutenants commanding—a former sergeant of the regular service—suggests that the major need not "hurry away". "Jones 2" is an exhibition position to show visitors but with emplacements too broad for protection in

conflict. Its captain called it a very good bit of eyewash. At "Bryan 2" the battery commander sits with head in hands too shocked and worn to give us any attention. Having completed these three formalities we ride gaily back on the Mandres Road. We meet shelling again. The duds seem to slither over our heads and into the muddy field. We meet a great Chariot de Parc, three horses abreast, *ventre à terre*, lashed on by a French driver aloft on the high seat. He is taking back wounded.

Arrived in Mandres all is confusion and some shelling. My cavalry leader had two more thrilling events in his heroic equestrian career. First, his cinch began to slip and, second, while distracted by this unfortunate event he rode in between and was pocketed by a pair of balky mules, which a soldier was trying to get off the street.

This officer shortly thereafter bade us good-bye, inadvertently leaving behind his five page receipt which he had spent all the quiet forenoon compiling and having me sign on all pages.

The new headquarters naturally thereafter inspected in the morning. It also left its mounts at the horse lines and inspected on foot. Of course, we missed a certain amount of sport, but there is not so much target and you hit the mud quicker.

All the above is mildly unfair, but gives an accurate picture of your attitude toward the command which you relieved.

Ours is Mandres à Quatre Tours, a little village behind the Beaumont Ridge. Here, we occupy a large house with offices, dining room, kitchens, gardens, stables, bomb proofs, officers rooms and quarters for men. What under the French had been a rest sector, under American enterprise and aggressiveness had become a matter of "days of danger, nights of waking" with the tiles blown right off our own protecting

April 18-1918

Dear Caroline -

I have several times started to write you of your warrior husband - he really deserves the name. He got here for all the fun and only missed the drudgery of a training camp that would have driven him wild with annoyance over its foolishness. Lately the General has been getting quite chummy with the General, not a bad sort, and I know they have many likes or at least dislikes in common. I think credit is being given where it is due now. Unfortunately in a big affair a regiment is almost the smallest unit recognized by people at large - and twice, once at Verdun and once on the way up here, I have heard French Mission officers speak highly of the 103rd (not knowing I was in it) for things that I know were our battalion only. My relations with your august husband have been 99% business only - but I can tell you

THE LIEUTENANT'S LETTER



stone church. It appears that there are now some four batteries assigned to the command. On a quiet Sunday morning the blessed Brigadier comes out and takes an humble Battalion Commander up into the luxury of his limousine and drives about. He stresses the importance and extent of the additional front assigned. And the Commander says, "Yes sir, you ask results and then have ordered one of my best battery commanders to General Staff." And the loyal Brigadier says he'll see—and Barker stays.

Office work starts before you can finish breakfast and then you go out across wet fields of grass and violets and singing birds and stinking gas and thick wire entanglements to inspect seven distant positions—supplies, ammunition, brass on howitzer slides and whale oil on men's feet. And the General inspects and the Colonel calls and the telephone rings night and day and so on with little sleep and no Sundays and yet they all prosper and improve in condition.

One day the surgeon calls down into the dugout and asks how you are feeling and you say "condition excellent".



THE HIGH COMMAND AT "BRYAN II"



"Well", he says, "you have just been examined for promotion", and you come up into April sunshine and look at the surgeon and over the battlefields of France and in all the freshness of the morning and a childish adoration of a great branch of the service you think; can it be that some day, some day, I might be a Lieutenant Colonel of the Field Artillery?

Shortly after occupying the Toul Sector the Battalion Commander was ordered to report to the French at a post of command on the right. These allied officers laid out before this strange apparition, maps, graphs in red and blue, and orders for an attack to include the American Battalion. It was the ABC of Coetquidan and Soissons all over again. Rolling up the voluminous program the Rhode Island Artillery asked a few questions as to details. Our French confreres in surprise and consternation shouted to one another, "*il comprend, il comprend*", which should be translated "it understands, it understands".

On returning the major called the B.G. known by code as "Bumble Bee" and was told to come in at once. The Brigadier was magnificent and said, "O.K. to fire the mission even if it does disclose your rear positions—is there anything else? Yes, why not send my six sergeants, who have passed for Saumur, on their way?" (They went out within a week.) "Anything else? Yes, as Metcalf says, if it wouldn't increase the national debt too much we need telephone pliers and tape". The brigade telephone officer was had in and on the mat. He was out caring for our needs before the Major could return. Just then the Colonel came in and said "What are you doing with my young man?" The "young man" clicked, saluted and withdrew. It was a morning of burgeoning prosperity!

In these days flattering rumors came out by supply officers. Then came a smashing local attack in the darkness

and rain and terror of an April morning. I had made the mistake of taking off my boots on retiring. I can still hear that damned adjutant's hoarse whisper, "Major, Major, wake up, they are machine gunning the street". It lasted till daylight, 28 hours later. The letters say, "Those men overcame obstacles and went straight on with the fight when everything seemed all shot to Hell. At 'Jones 1' the attack came so close to the howitzer as to be within its minimum range. There were things done during the darkness and light of a dismal day that measure up to the highest standards of devotion to duty". Davis with all but one of his old French "95s" shot out and half of his men killed or wounded, sent a runner back with field message "I have ammunition and one gun, where can I help?" From the letters "All through this little Battalion there was such a response to requests and total disregard for danger as would make you blush with pride. A battalion commander's little part is to walk up and down, up and down among the maps and telephones and plan and plan and try to create resources when one thing after another gives out and to send messengers and linemen and batteries on hazardous work regardless of losses". And we sent them out again and they ate it up. And later, in the afternoon, the enemy concentrated in trenches to put across the final attack. This was broken up and destroyed by howitzer fire. And we gave them more and more. And there was a great lull when we all worked like fiends and then in early morning some more so that the sun rose on a quiet and exhausted little world.

"Barker and Davis are little tin gods hereabouts now." Lieut. Davis, who won the D.S.C. in this engagement, was invited to lunch with the Brigadier. He returned reporting that a mere lieutenant was ranked out of food. He sat below the salt and nearly starved,—“but the General is sending out a lot of supplies and equipment for my battery”.

# U. S. ARMY FIELD MESSAGE

TIME FILED	NO.	SENT BY	TIME	RECEIVED BY	TIME	CHECK
THESE SPACES FOR SIGNAL OPERATORS ONLY.						

From C.O. 1st Bn  
 At Maine  
 Date 4-20-18 Hour 2 2:40 No. 1  
 To C.O. Bryon 2

Cease firing. Try to  
 re-establish state house communi-  
 cation with Maine & Bryon. I  
 am doing some by you. Return  
 runner if possible.  
 E.S. Chaffee  
 Major 103 T.A.

## THE GREAT FORSYTH GOES THROUGH

Davis had taken the odd details of men assigned to him from various units and a battery of the ancient French 95s and welded it all together into a powerful fighting machine. Then he fought it with skill and determination. "And I may say across the havoc of war he was a very great battery commander."

In these days this lieutenant put in his pay voucher for captain's pay as he was commanding a battery in somewhat serious combat. It is an interesting incident in the history of the great and wealthy Republic that a finance officer returned the voucher with a businesslike and kindly indorsement that "while by Army Regulations the lieutenant is entitled to captain's pay, unfortunately the Congress has made no appropriation for this purpose."



On a Sunday afternoon in June "Our Hero" had just come up into the operations room refreshed and washed with belt and boots shining and overseas cap on corner of head, and was told that the Brigade Adjutant wished to be called, and this Adjutant said "Congratulations, Colonel", and "I said, 'Thank you, how do you prove it?' and he said, 'It came from Division as special orders from G.H.Q.—three promotions for the Division and the first since it came overseas in October — most exclusive!' Then my adjutant and my orienting officer who had been rubbing their hands up and down their breeches, grabbed me. Then I tackled a batch of orders and Barker came in and I led him out into the garden in the sunshine with planes circling overhead and told him about the call. He grabbed my arm and said, 'That just shows things work out as they should.' Just then we were interrupted by hearing the adjutant saying to the telephone officer, 'We'll not go in to dinner until the Colonel comes' and Forsyth replying, 'Who in hell is the Colonel?' Dinner was a small celebration. C.G. of Division calls up to congratulate. It was recommended by a Col., B.G. and Major Genl. of the regular service. It must be so! It is a beautiful June evening!" Then this Lieutenant Colonel is shifted to Regimental Headquarters and is assigned to spend his time by motorcycle with all the firing batteries. In the great room of a chateau he meets the congratulations of some generals and they said "When did it happen, Chaffee, when did it happen?" and a brigadier of the field artillery knew damn well when it happened! And at luncheon a charming old French general commanding on the right said somehow in French "I do not know that your *galons* are young to you but you are young for those *galons*". And that evening "the Youthful Marlboro" slipped away to Toul with MacLeod, the Adjutant, and the Regimental Dodge and acquired a set of silver leaves, and managed a mild binge



THE LIEUTENANT COLONEL

blessed by a bottle of champagne, and graced by a perfectly charming Red Cross girl.

At this time the Regimental Commander was a rather pitiful appointment. What little he knew of discipline and organization was a damage to him and he knew practically nothing about what was now our profession, the field artillery. The Brigadier when inspecting a position would ask when the Colonel had been out and he hadn't been. Our B.G. was an able, industrious, fearless officer of the Field Artillery whom we all admired. The Major General commanding the Division was powerful in administration and politics. He had shown his full competence in organizing and transporting one of the first four American divisions to arrive in France. Our officers serving under these gentlemen had the advantage of some years training by the best field artillery instructors of the Army. They were sitting atop the world that June. It was a nice place to be. Then about the middle of the month on returning to Hq. the Colonel strolled into my spacious room and said, "You have a new C.O.—Glassford—I believe you know him—and will you tell me how I failed?" Had all of us, after our shattering experience with a C.O. been offered the Army to pick from, Glassford would have been the man. He was our first instructor. Walking into the office next morning there is the tall lanky one examining maps and I took him down to breakfast. All day we traveled the front in the regimental car and repeatedly things had been smashed just before our arrival. I was afraid the *Boche* would do something to break the charm. All his old men—Barker and Hanley and Babcock and Metcalf and Davis and many others greeted him in a manner that said "it's too good to be true" and "well, I'll be damned". He asked me who to promote. I said Barker. He replied, "But he's so very young." Ah, it was the game where youth counted! It was in the Glassford



BRIGADIER GENERAL PELHAM D. GLASSFORD

style to turn on me and say, "I'll have to lean on you, Chaffee, and if I get chucked, I'll give you Hell". It was too easy to "get chucked" in those days and there.

Later—"I'm having the time of my life. I'm running the Regiment. Both the old and new Colonels are down with the three-day fever. The Major Surgeon has put them to bed."

June 24th—O.D. paint is going on gun carriages and we are being equipped, polished and supplied as never before. Other fields and other worlds! "My pay and allowances total \$5,360.00—all velvet—oh boy!"

June 29th—"Last night we marched back from our dear old front where we now have had some three months of what might be called 'intensive training'. Today the batteries are parked in the fields and billeted in the villages (south of Toul)—no night alarms or awful grey dawns!"

July 2nd—"Am jogging slowly along in a troop train on a beautifully fresh morning through wheat fields and across little valleys. For two days I've been entraining a regiment. I've seen battery after battery cross the bridge, wind down the hill, pass along a great wall and stretch out its length of guns and caissons, parc wagons, water carts, ration carts and rolling kitchens by a fifty car loading platform and always the big eight horse teams shine from thorough grooming, harness is freshly cleaned, men march in column of twos with rifles slung, and then without any noise or shouting—at the command halt—carriages are going on flats and horses into cars, and the platform is cleared. You say 'Good Luck', the train pulls out, an empty one comes in and another battery is marching down the hill. The French R.T.O. captain said, '103rd, that was the number of my old regiment. It was one of the regiments of the defence of Paris. You are headed for trouble—destination Meaux on the Marne!' "



As I am leaving in the evening with the last outfit to en-train, it is permitted to dine in style at the Hotel de Metz. Waitress more attentive than attractive charges "M. le Colonel" with being "*très sérieux*". The serious one replied, "*Oui, je suis très sérieux et je suis très fier.*" He meant to say that he'd bite and he was very fierce. She flounced on her way with the brilliant reply "*Je suis très fier, aussi.*"

But "when half gods go the gods arrive". "Then came to our table the most charming young waitress of the Hotel de Metz". She was even more beautiful than well groomed horses and freshly painted gun carriages.



*Je suis très fier !*

## CHAPTER VI

### THE MARNE

**J**ULY 3RD. "We are in Jouarre. I sit writing at a beautiful French walnut table in a big house with a great iron fence in front. There is a courtyard to the rear where the officers dine under the 'dreaming garden trees'. My, this is a tough war! On the doors of our rooms are still chalked the names of our German and French predecessors in occupancy, who fought about the Marne. Under the crucifix and hangings of my broad and comfortable bed a German colonel snored, and I suppose that Captain René de St. Regnier used to lie and read *La Vie Parisienne*—at least there was a copy left in the room."

"Last evening, as our troop trains pulled slowly around Paris, for miles, everyone turned out at railings along tracks and bridges over tracks. In the soft air of early evening pretty girls were throwing kisses, and men and gentlemen of the old school took off their hats and small boys yelled 'bisquit, bisquit'."

Such was our pitifully near approach to a much discussed Fourth of July parade of American troops in Paris.

"We detrained about midnight to the sound of a heavy barrage. It is momentous July 1918! Started for headquarters in my motorcycle side-car with driver. Lost road. Found it again. Out of gas, pushed up hill, coasted down, met supply truck going up, and alongside a dead horse they filled our tank; 100 yards from dead horse punctured rear tire—now 2 a.m.—patch old tube but holds no air, get out



new tube, but old one doesn't remove without taking off wheel. Cut it off. New one on but valve won't pass through rim of wheel. Ream out holes with jack knife and at 4 a.m. are on our way. Arrive Jouarre, locate Hq., sleep till noon."

"Batteries arriving all night long to beautiful camp sites in chateau grounds. E.T.H. is now adjutant and MacLeod has "B". The Colonel put it through and then told them to blame me for it".

"Entire regiment has made a night march converging on a chateau at the Marne. Many hours spent in getting long columns through the gate and camped within the spacious grounds. It was the great house of a German who took good care of his countrymen in the advance of 1914 and went back with them on the retreat. We spend a hot day. We have dining room, reception room, billiard room and other offices and rooms on the first floor, large rooms for majors and colonels on the second floor and rooms for captains and lieutenants on the third floor. The Brigadier comes for lunch and approves our wine and wine for lunch but not when in combat. Close decision!"

"During dinner that night our band played on the terrace, which overlooks the Marne. Glassford is a full Colonel now. In most dramatic manner, he strode out through the French windows and offered 50 francs for the best regimental march. He still has the 50 francs, for immediately he ordered officers' call sounded, notified all that an attack was expected and to be ready to march. The order came and nearly the entire outfit went out that night."

On one of those gay days the Colonel was traveling to Meaux in the regimental car and noticing the car of a French general disabled beside the road, our Glassford in his most courteous French placed his car at the disposal of the stranded general. Arrived in Meaux after a congenial trip the delightful ally said—"And what may I do for you,

oh Colonel?"—"I would like a good cook"—"You shall have my cook". And a few days later in full uniform and pack of the French soldier on campaign arrived Emil LeCaër, the general's cook. He knew how to handle French rations. The regimental mess was delicious. Metcalf, the adjutant, learned how he made coffee, except for one secret ingredient. LeCaër would not tell the lieutenant what he added from the black bottle. Later he came to America and was chef at the Agawam, but soon tired of the almost universal demand for broilers and ice cream.

From the chateau on the Marne the headquarters moved to "Château L'Ange Gardienne"—up in the hills overlooking a valley. All about are the marines with "5th Marines" on every escort wagon and truck. Theirs is the fresh and awful glory of Bois de Belleau. You see them going in to the lines at early darkness, gaunt, scrubbed, shaven, clipped, fit, efficient, scarred, marked for sacrifice and beyond a smile.

Probably on the nights of the 7th and 8th of July we were moving in and taking over the positions of "Holy" Bowley now commanding the artillery of the Second Division. He said "They want to dig in, Chaffee and you mustn't let them"—Certainly not, General Bowley!

Due to the great German threat and to our being astride the road to Paris, orders for this relief were made and countermanded repeatedly, amid excitement, until it was finally accomplished and the Second Division sent north to join the First and pinch in the salient south of Soissons.

In the evening the HQ. packs out of L'Ange Gardienne with its French cook, and all its china, and a stray bathtub and proceeds forward to an office in a great stone haybarn and rooms in the farm buildings located about the yard.

This is the Isle de France. Out on the Paris-Metz Road

Barker's battery has brought along a milch cow and has a hall clock, loudly ticking away the time, nailed to a tree at the Battery Post of Command. Far to the rear are (defences many miles in depth) barbed wire lines running through the standing wheat and trenches across the lawns.

The next evening Lt. Whitney is reporting to the Colonel. "Horse lines shifted without incident except stable sergeant of 'A' Battery broke a man's jaw". Glassford, strong on summary discipline, "Metcalf, issue an order reducing him to the ranks—what did you say his name was?—Murphy—Why 'Spud' Murphy will be out here tomorrow and give me hell!" "Cannoneer Murphy" reported to his gun crew and made a valued addition to the firing battery until they just had to have him back among his horses. Stable Sergt. Murphy came from years of service at West Point to years of service with Rhode Island Artillery. He was the greatest man in care of horses that any of us had ever known. He was another of our instructors. Later, when war had taken its toll of horses, Glassford, as Brigadier General, was inspecting. "How many animals still fit for full duty, Sergt. Murphy?" "One hundred, sir." "I bet you 100 francs you haven't." At conclusion of inspection—"Congratulations, Sergt. Murphy." Murphy, "Where is my 100 francs, General?"

July 14th—Bastille Day—these are breathless days—the Germans cross the Marne at Château-Thierry and further east. Back in village streets there are many solemn women and girls all in deep mourning. There is no celebrating. Later, out on the Metz Road and along the front, crews are in slit trenches. Firing is continuous. All is hectic and hard. The great Champagne-Marne Defensive is on. There is something tremendous in the air. It brings ample supplies of ammunition and prompt replacement of disabled howitzers. There is desperate action and there are no excuses.



STABLE SERGEANT JOHN J. MURPHY

It is wonderful to be up where you are pampered in this way! Maybe we kept them from digging in!

July 17th—A lull. Glassford returns from a meeting where Sherburne with his famous frankness tells our Colonel that he is an interloper and the other man should be in command. But we both know more about the 103rd Regiment than Sherburne and this is promptly forgotten. Other events are pressing on! Late that evening the Colonel bellows up my stairs, “Chaffee” and I go down to have maps, graphs, schedules, orders and the regimental car thrust upon me. It is the Aisne-Marne Offensive of July 18th. At last we are going back at them—our first offensive and my verbal orders are to get up there and look out for our part in it. A heavy thunder shower is on. The night is black. The roads are crowded with traffic and no lights. At infantry headquarters are found the dramatic French orders—“Powerful reserves are supporting you—*en avant!*”

At 4:30 our infantry goes forward in surprise attack with rolling barrage of all artillery and captures Givry, Torcy and Belleau. It is a day of conflict. Balloons, batteries, infantry and lines moving constantly forward. “Everyone has a smile on the face and when you sleep it is sleep like you were drugged.”

Prisoners are coming in. An old German captain thanks God there are a million Americans in France and it is all over, while a young German lieutenant sits down on the steps and buries his face in his hands because here is the end of ambitions and his military career. We glory in the fact that prisoners volunteer the information, “The artillery fire is unbearable”.

The infantry B.G. comes running up to my room to ask are the howitzers still firing on the Bois de Etrépilly. “No, we have just lifted to the field beyond.” —“Thank heaven! My men are just entering the Bois!” I put in a call for



G.P.F.'s for counter battery and get Major De Brémond—the famous captain of the New Mexico Battery. “Were you to take from here the officers and men who were at Fort Bliss two years ago, there wouldn’t be much left for artillery in the sector.”

A day or two later we are moving forward—my route takes me through many times ruined Vaux. Beside the road a French soldier in full uniform is blown out of his grave—a shallow grave of the great campaign of 1914. How bright the buttons are!

In the evening majors and captains report to the Colonel at a rendezvous where supper is served on the regimental plate by the roadside. It seems the new B.G. has been tearing about because the Regiment isn’t getting forward faster. Within twelve hours he is putting on the emergency brake! The Colonel says “Chaffee, did you delay the march for supplies?” and, “Barker, if I had my way, I’d take down your breeches and spank your little pink tail”. Such were the official reprimands adding to the gaiety of the *fête champêtre*.

I am detailed with the left of the line, and to support infantry whose headquarters disappears in a limousine amid gentle shelling in the moonlight. This must be “open warfare”! Our batteries are on both sides of the Château-Thierry-Soissons Road. Searching for headquarters my motorcycle driver and I see from a crest our barrage and daybreak attack which pops off like early Fourth of July. We pass Division Hq. in a great chateau. We travel up the Soissons Road. It is very quiet. There are no troops. We move to right across the fields to a battery of 75s of the 101st, and then forward across a field and there at the distant edge of a wood in the early morning is Hq. 103rd F.A. The 75 battery has just been fired on by its own artillery. It was not supposed to be so far forward. Strangest of all

a man of our Hq. has been wounded by an enemy "butterfly" cutting through his helmet. Never before had this Hq. been granted the opportunity to be wounded.

The new B.G. is dashing about again. He dashes up in a glass hack with the brigade adjutant and asks for Glassford. Major Twachtman is there and says he's gone on reconnaissance. "Will someone tell him to keep his Hq. back with brigade where it belongs." Then Glassford, solo motorcycle cowboy, returns all out of breath. It is learned, years later, that he reconnoitered so far as the square in Trugny, found himself surrounded by Germans and left hurriedly. This must be "open warfare"!

The General took the Colonel back for the normal life near brigade as provided for by regulations. Later he escaped for an hour and with communication to one howitzer is a forward observer chasing German machine gunners about the wheat fields. You shoot to the right and all the German helmets go bobbing to the left. You let them have a round on the left and all the helmets go bobbing back to the right. Keep them on the run! Don't let 'em dig in!

On the hills north of Château-Thierry the vacant German artillery positions, surrounded by cords of abandoned ammunition, have long strips of red plush hall carpet and chairs, upholstered in velvet,—all furnishings for comfort looted from the city. Our combat trains are ordered to join and march northward—a lead driver handling his pair and balancing a gay parasol, while the wheel driver, mindful of the dignity of his position, wears a silk hat. It is high time that they leave the flesh pots of a French city. Houses and rooms are sliced off by artillery fire and beds and lingerie linger on the second story edges in a most informal manner.

Hanley finds in his position on the Soisson Road an old enemy intelligence report giving our battery positions in the Toul Sector, far to the eastward, and naming Barker and



himself as battery commanders. Back at the Marne, pontoon bridges replace the old French stone ones ; up along the roadside are parked long columns of abandoned enemy ammunition trains, and everywhere the green faces and stench of enemy unburied dead, and everywhere the smell of wilting, broken trees and of the stale and sickening gas.

One morning we wait to march forward while a divisional officer, cigar in face, pounds out the order and a G.H.Q. inspector paces nervously up and down. "They can't march till I get out my march order, can they?" At a crossroad we are joined by a column of the French artillery—155 howitzers. They point to the regimental dachshund painted on our gun shields. It is a work of art. The two columns march along the road abreast in broad daylight, over hill, over dale, pursuing the enemy.

We pass through the village of Epieds and go into positions in front and rear of Courpoil. Looking about a bit I come on French infantry in the woods on our left. They are all smiles and welcome. Am I come to relieve them? On the contrary I take a run with the motorcycle to Mont St. Père on the Marne and, locating our trains, food and forage move up to the batteries.

On the way back there is the welcome sight of 155 howitzers blazing away across the darkening landscape. Courpoil is getting enemy fire and wounded being sent out. Regimental Hq. is located at Grange Marie Farm just short of the Étang Logette. My operations officer, Cunningham, and a telephone and I establish our Hq. of the left, at a tree by a ditch. The infantry of the 26th Division has now been relieved and we are supporting, this night, the 28th. A log nearby is the Hq. of their infantry and of Sherburne of the 101st, and when "arrivés" cracked in Courpoil across the field the ditch suddenly becomes Hq. for the aides of the infantry brigadier. This last named was a soldier-statesman.

He made speeches to his officers. We fire for his attack on Croix Rouge Farm. Then he calls back his battalion commanders in the awful half light of dawn. Later, he came to Sherburne and said "the attack failed". Sherburne replied "Of course it did, you talked it to death".

July 25th. Next day, the Hq. of the left is in a house. General Sherburne next door is bidding good-bye to some officers of his regiment. "My last message to you is God Damn it Needham! Get those telephones up and that information back". His newly appointed aides have the breathless air of having been rescued from sudden death by being ordered in from their batteries.

We are now supporting infantry of the famous 42nd or "Rainbow" Division. Glassford takes me down the street to call on their Brigadier General. Our adjutant Metcalf accompanies without a helmet. Their operations officer is deeply shocked that his infantry has failed in their attack on Croix Rouge. Glassford says—"Use Chaffee's guns". The General replies "I remember you, Glassford, you married so and so's daughter". We leave, and out on the street, our dignified Regimental Commander claps the brigade operations helmet on "Ernie". Such was social life in the Isle de France in late July! But it appears that, for failure to take the farm the General was relieved of command that night by MacArthur.

That evening came repeated and frantic calls from infantry to silence enemy artillery fire, but no information to act on. Then a plane flies low over Courpoil and drops a message with streamers. At brigade an officer said casually "you might be interested" and hands me the message reading "enemy battery in action 193.6-269.7". With helmet falling down over my face I beat it down the cobblestones to my telephone and give it to Hanley. "I'll give it to them like they gave it to me," says Hanley. Eight 155 howitzers went



THE CROIX ROUGE FARM

onto the target in volleys. This was followed by the blessed silence of a peaceful evening.

The next morning Croix Rouge had been captured and at Brigade there was an artillery prisoner. It was said I might like to talk with him. He was a thin, insignificant German boy with an oversize helmet down over his ears. He had been a runner from his battery to the infantry at Croix Rouge. He readily gave me and repeated to me the location of his battery of 105 howitzers beyond the Ourq and west of a brook. Then he asked for food and drink.

This information resulted 24 hours later in the prompt neutralization of his battery and casualties among his comrades. Such is the value of a bit of military intelligence—"that hath not slept".

In the afternoon I am at an infantry P.C. near Étang Logette, it may have been an Alabama Regiment and learn that the enemy are stubbornly holding their lines. I chug to my Hq. Just then the Brigadier of our artillery stops in and reports enemy withdrawing and I am to go forward to Forêt de Fere and reconnoiter for new positions. As I strap on my automatic it seems strangely reassuring to have orders. As soon as I start the ever present Glassford is cruising along with me on his solo motorcycle. We move out through Beuvarde. Beyond there, it is strangely silent. We travel up through a hillside village, La Haie Sainte. It is deserted with doors flung open and looking like the aftermath of a violent thunderstorm.

Then there is a German supply wagon and driver and four horses pitched out across the road by our howitzer fire of the night before. One shell had done for all. Wheeling the side-car over a dead horse and heading up a hill we met a French cavalry patrol and a very excited officer, who, by French and gestures, indicated that we were to go back. Not us motorcycle boys, we were out for artillery positions in the Forêt de Fere just as the Brigadier told us to do. Then we come to Le Four à Verre—a few stone houses and an apple orchard at the edge of the Forêt. Apple orchard is just the place for first battalion—a howitzer under every apple tree.

Our road enters the mysterious Forêt and we meet French armoured cars coming back—armoured only in name! Here is a position for third battalion. Where an enemy dressing station had pulled out in a hurry there is a beautiful little Luger lying beside the forest road, but well coached Ameri-

can boy didn't touch the damned thing.

Our "Reconnoitering Heroes" leave the motorcycles and stepping out gaily down the road beyond intersection and near Croix Blanch Farm find the area being shelled and unhealthy. They cut back through the woods. As they trudge along, the gallant Glassford ruminates, "Well, here we are between the lines and if the Germans don't shoot us our patrols will. I'm not armed but you shoot them, Chaffee, and I'll kick 'em in the pants".

With this reassuring plan for combat we arrive at our chug cars, and just now, out from the woods on either side come two infantry patrols of the "Rainbow" Division to meet upon the road. Well turned out and business-like, they were good to look at. A trim, six-foot lieutenant came up to me and saluted and asked severely what we were doing there. Then he smiled and said that it was rather unusual to see two Lt. Cols. of field artillery ahead of the infantry lines. Sergy at the Ourq was lost and recaptured four times within the next few days by that same infantry. You like to think that the tall, friendly lieutenant survived!

Glassford disappeared over the hills beyond Croix Blanch. I returned to put battalions on the march. On the way back the French cavalry officer and his troop were still on the road. "Bah!" He scolded us again, but there was no time to consult with the cavalry.

Later, in the dark and rainy night, the first battalion was marching forward for the apple orchard. Borrowing a horse and with an issue slicker this officer was crowding along up the column side-swiping drivers. Their remarks about the unknown "bastard" were positively shocking.

These were the days and nights when our Colonel and his howitzers drove so far forward with advancing infantry that the Regiment won from supported troops the proud title of "Glassford's Trench Mortars".



We arrived to find the special details in all the darkness and wetness going quietly and efficiently about the complicated work of putting their outfits into position, and outside a little stone house at the edge of the road was the reconnoitering Colonel with a mouthful of news from the eastward. He said "Chaffee, I'm going on to Brigade at White Cross and you take over the Regiment". Although jumping at the opportunity, one could not help calling his august attention to the fact that it was long after darkness, one battalion was on the road, one going into position and one in its old position when he chose to relinquish command. He seemed to consider the timing excellent.

July 28th, 1918. By the very dim grey light of early dawn shadowy columns of trappy French Cavalry and beautiful "Rainbow" Artillery—the two columns abreast were pressing forward up the road by the orchard. Every cavalryman, every horse and every driver leaning forward in the urgency of reaching the forest. Corps orders, at this time, called for breaking the enemy lines and the cavalry to go through and "exploit the success" on the heights beyond the Ourq. This however was merely a corps order.

As these columns were hastening by in the early dawn our batteries were firing and the young executive officer named Stark, from Denver, Colorado, was jumping up and down in his pajamas and shouting "That's right 'B' Battery—beat 'A' Battery, beat 'A' Battery".

Enemy artillery fire on the Forêt to our right—men came running out, then limping out, then dragging out, then amid our cheers the fire blew up one of our antiquated five-ton caissons. Then the dressing station under us was filled with wounded and Captain Haskell shook his head over one who cried and screamed for hours. Then the well-pleased Brigadier Aultman stopped by taking a wounded man with him. Then an enemy plane flew over and all machine guns and

rifles let go at it. Then came a short at our little stone house, then an over into the garden—the plane flying back and forth directing fire amid a Fourth of July fusillade, then a short wounded several individual mounts standing in a circle directly in front of the little house and Hanley said “I can’t stand that” and went out and mercifully shot a pony who had lost a leg. And plaster was falling about our ears. And it was tough for the men sitting about waiting for orders, but glorious for those conducting a fight. The eight howitzers had been put on the German 105 battery of our friend the prisoner, located by the brook and the river Ourq. They took it under fire with battalion volleys. The round which destroyed our ponies was the last one and the plane did not return. Military intelligence can be so important and “it hath not slept”.

In a lull men were asleep, pillowed on steel gun trails with July sun shining full in their faces. Paul Metcalf, first sergeant of Barker’s Battery, was handed orders for home by his captain. He saluted and headed down the road—no pack, no personal effects—the superstition was too strong to permit of the least delay.

July 29th.—the faithful old motorcycle quit for overhaul and the famous “Jimmie” was up and dancing among the firing guns.

The gallant Captain Davis, who won the D.S.C. in April, was killed while signalling his gun crews to take the cover which he did not claim for himself. Major Twachtman caught him in his arms and Glassford, Hanley, Barker and others went back in his truck to a little churchyard at sunset, and the Colonel sketched the church and yard and grave for the Rhode Island mother, while the pick and shovel worked. Carlton Davis! He was boyish and gay—a corporal on the Border—a lieutenant and captain in France! America can have none better to fight her wars! “For the chosen few—





THE "FAMOUS JIMMIE"

there is no disillusionment. They march on into life with a boyish grace and their high noon keeps all the freshness of the morning”.

An headquarters officer sat up on his cot at 2 a.m. and with an imaginary telephone clapped to his ear, carried on an extended conversation about a counter attack, waking up everyone but himself. In course of some great activity a French officer attached to Brigade told me in a hoarse whisper “you are to be promoted. I know it”. Oh, mystery!

July 30th.—Our batteries are marching forward to cross the Ourq and we are now supporting the Fourth Division. Four divisions in about two weeks of somewhat “open warfare”. I report at Brigade with Locke of the 102nd and Goodwin of the 101st. My first appearance representing the 103rd! A staff officer meeting me on the stairs of Croix Blanche said, “You are promoted and ordered to the States for a new regiment,—I have seen the order”. When General Aultman entered the room Colonel Locke asked to be excused for not rising—“I have the dysentery so badly General, I can’t stand up”. The greeting to me was “I don’t want to see you, where is Glassford? Will someone tell him, etc.”

I left that dark night in the regimental car with Metcalf, the adjutant, and with McGrath driving. Calling on General Edwards I found him greatly depressed by infantry losses. He said my orders were from G.H.Q. and there was no chance for a change. He asked me what was the story about the two Colonels of Artillery leading an infantry attack in the Forêt de Fere.

Calling on the Corps Artillery Commander, General Lasiter, I began to realize that I was returning to my home and the States but leaving “My World”. He said in a burst of glorious confidence and most surprisingly—“I don’t know

what becomes of you, Chaffee. I recommended you for a Brigadier General".

But I was promptly demoted! The next morning I stood all alone among my saddle bags on the platform waiting for the Paris train. A great artillery train was lumbering north and standing at the doorway of a horse car was my Border Striker Boutecon, now a lieutenant, and the voice carried above all the noise—"Hello Captain Chaffee!"

*"I never had a more pleasant day in my life"*

MAJOR BLACKADDER AT THE  
BATTLE OF MALPLAQUET.





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